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NAME IS MUD.

A COMEDY
IN FOUR ACTS.

—BY—

EDWARD GRIMM.

SAN FRANCISCO:

JAMES H. BARRY, PRINTER, 429 MONTGOMERY STREET.

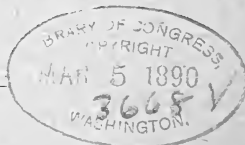
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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MR. TOBIN, a wealthy mine owner.
MR. FRED TOBIN, his nephew.
MR. GEORGE HILLBERTH, an architect.
MR. MUD, Senior, a game peddler
MR. MUD, Junior, his son.
MR. BUN, a trainer and sport.
MR. JOHN, gardener to Mrs. Roland.
MR. FAIRWEATHER, a tailor.
MRS. ROLAND, a widow.
MISS ROLAND, her daughter.
MRS. COLLINS, a lodging-housekeeper.
BRIDGET, servant to Mrs. Collins.
LIZZIE, servant to Mrs. Roland.
MISS ANNIE FAIRWEATHER.
MISS SPLINTER.
THREE BOYS, and others.

HIS NAME IS MUD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.--A Parlor. Enter MRS. ROLAND, MISS ROLAND and JOHN.

Miss Roland. Who could have done such a dastardly deed ?

John. Of course I don't know for certain, but —

Mrs. Roland. Whom do you suspect, John ?

John. I think it was day before yesterday when I saw that second-handed dude sneaking around the rear part of the garden. You know, Miss, that loafer who has annoyed you so much. I am almost certain that he threw the poison over the fence. Dogs don't agree with fellows of his stamp.

Miss Roland. Oh ! shall I never be able to escape that hateful wretch ! How is it possible ? I have not been outside of this house since we moved into it.

Mrs. Roland. Some one who knows us must have given the information. Do you think, John, that Lizzie has posted him ?

John. I hardly think so.

Miss Roland. It must be she who has again betrayed our whereabouts. We have changed our butcher, milkman, baker and even our grocer, and, yet, here is that ruffian at our door again. It is she and no one else. Tell her to come up stairs for a minute.

Mrs. Roland. You need not tell her of our suspicion.

John. Certainly not ma'am. (*Exit.*)

Miss Roland. Oh ! if I only had a brother who could give that miserable scamp a beating that would lay him up for a month, I would worship him as my greatest benefactor. (*Enter Lizzie.*) Have you given any poison to the dog ?

Lizzie. Sure, Miss, you don't think that I done it ?

Mrs. Roland. Perhaps you can tell us who has done it.

Lizzie. No, ma'am, I can not.

Miss Roland. You know the cause why we have changed our residence twice within six months. Day be-

fore yesterday John saw that scoundrel who has nearly plagued the life out of me near our place again. Do you know the fellow ?

Lizzie. Faith, I do not, Miss.

Miss Roland. Never spoke to him ?

Lizzie. Twice he tried to stop me on the street, but I took no notice of him.

Miss Roland. Before we moved into this house I told you not to give information to any one in regard to our present residence. Have you strictly obeyed the order ?

Lizzie. I have. (*Bell rings*).

Mrs. Roland. Who can that be ?

Miss Roland. Wait, Lizzie, I will see who it is, (*looking out of the window*). Why, mamma, it is your old friend, Mr. Tobin.

Mrs. Roland. Let him in, Lizzie. (*Exit Lizzie.*) I wonder how he found our address.

Miss Roland. I sent a note to Mrs. Collins, asking her to let Mr. Tobin know where we moved to.

Enter TOBIN.

Tobin. Good morning, ladies.

Mrs. Roland. Why, Mr. Tobin, we haven't seen you for an age. What has kept you so long in the country ?

Tobin. During my spell of sickness my business has been somewhat neglected, and it took me quite a while to straighten things out.

Miss Roland. But how is it, Mr. Tobin, that we have not had the pleasure to welcome your imported nephew ? Has he been drowned ?

Tobin. My lovely miss, at guessing you are not a success.

Miss Roland. What sort of an animal is he ? Very wild, I presume ?

Tobin. I have not seen him yet. Only an hour ago I arrived in town, and, as I was informed by Mrs. Collins that you had again changed your residence, I took the notion to come and see you,

Mrs. Roland. Your nephew is well, I hope ?

Tobin. I have letters from Mrs. Collins in my pocket, in which she informs me that my nephew is quite tame and likes his feed.

Miss Roland. What a monster you must be. He must be in the city at least two months.

Tobin. I am not half so anxious to see him as you seem to be.

Mrs. Roland. Have you heard anything unfavorable about him ?

Tobin. No, on the contrary, his landlady quite praises him in her letters, but before I decide to have him about me I will be certain that his habits and manners are not offensive to my taste. Should I find him conceited, selfish, dull, lazy or a fool, I shall send him a check for a few thousand dollars and advise him to shift for himself in the future.

Miss Roland. Just think, mamma, what a sweet opinion this nephew must have formed about his uncle by this time.

Mrs. Roland. Have you sent him any money?

Tobin. So far, not a cent. Though I informed Mrs. Collins that I would be responsible for his board and lodging, should he be unable to pay it.

Miss Roland. Then he is not starved; that is, at least, one consolation.

Mrs. Roland. Has he learned a profession that will support him?

Tobin. He has some skill in painting, I believe.

Miss Roland. Our garden fence needs painting badly.

Tobin. I do not think he would be willing to undertake to paint fences, unless they happened to be on canvas.

Miss Roland. Oh, then, he is an artist?

Tobin. I vouch that he has conceit enough in him to make him think so.

Miss Roland. Do you know, Mr. Tobin, what I would like your nephew to be?

Tobin. A count or a prince, no doubt.

Miss Roland. If he were a prize-fighter he could make himself quite useful to me just now.

Tobin. A prize-fighter; ha! ha! ha!

Miss Roland. For the last six months a big brute of a fellow has so annoyed and disgusted me with his attentions, that I would give almost anything to see him whipped. Twice we have changed our residence on his account—to get rid of him. I have never, by either look or sign, given him the slightest encouragement. On the contrary, I have done all I possibly could do to make him understand that I loath and despise him, and, yet, the wretch persists in bowing and following me wherever I go. We two lonely women have no one to protect us from such vermin.

[MUD (*sen.*) outside, Wild game! wild game! wild game! wild game!]

Enter LIZZIE.

Lizzie. The game peddler is outside; Miss, do you wish any ducks or hares?

Miss Roland. How did he find us out?

Lizzie. Sure, I don't know.

Miss Roland. You have not told him?

Lizzie. Indeed, I have not.

Miss Roland. I suspect he is connected in some way with that ruffian. Let him come in here for a minute.
(*Exit Lizzie.*)

Tobin. Have you never called on the police?

Mrs. Roland. We do not wish to see our name in the papers.

Enter MUD (senior.)

Mud (sen.) Wild game! wild game! wild game! Fine ducks this morning, ladies. Just look at those beauties.

Miss Roland. How did you come to know that we moved into this house?

Mud (sen.) Oh, that's easy enough.

Tobin. How?

Mud (sen.) If the milkman doesn't know, the baker may know; if the baker doesn't know, the letter-carrier may know; if the letter-carrier doesn't know the dust man may know; somebody is bound to know.

Miss Roland. Are you married?

Mud (sen.) I was, but divorces are so cheap now-a-days that everybody can afford to get one.

Miss Roland. You have a son?

Mud (sen.) [*Aside.*] What is she after anyhow?
[*Aloud.*] The world is wide and man does know but little.

Tobin. Haven't I seen your face somewhere?

Mud (sen.) You see an honest face whenever you see mine. No hair grows in the palms of my hands.

Tobin. In the rogue's gallery, I am certain.

Mud (sen.) Shake hands, my boy. How rogues do know each other.

Tobin. Send the servant after the policeman and see if I am not right.

Mud (sen.) Hope to meet you again where we met before; you robbed the bank and I watched behind the door.

[*Exit Mud, senior.*]

Mrs. Roland. Don't you think, Mr. Tobin, that we ought to consult our lawyer about this affair?

Miss. Roland. No, dearest mamma. It would soon become the talk all over town.

Enter LIZZIE.

Lizzie. Oh, Miss Roland, I saw a mam climbing over the fence into the garden, just now.

Miss Roland. A man? Where is John?

Lizzie. He has gone to Mrs. Hurlburt's to look after some flowers.

Tobin. Come, ladies, let us see what the fellow wants. This, I think, will protect you from any insults.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An arbor with a tree close by.*

Enter MUD (jun.) [looking about.] A mighty cosy place. I shall enjoy life after all this bother is over. Damned stuck-up creature though. She won't cave, and tries to make me believe that I don't suit her fancy. Woman tricks, I know, but never mind, my girl, I shall fetch you around all right yet, or my name is not Jim Mud. Generally comes here at ten to read or sew. Nobody will disturb us, and she shall listen to what I have to say. The dog is gone. It seems what is "rough on rats" is rough on dogs, too. How shall I address her? I must sift my speech a little. "I beg your pardon, Miss, for my intrusion on sacred ground." Helloa, what's coming now? A whole pic-nic party, led by an old man. Who can he be? Hadn't I better go up the tree for awhile and wait till he is gone? [*Climbing the tree.*]

Enter TOBIN, MRS. and MISS ROLAND and LIZZIE.

Mrs. Roland. I see no man about yet.

Miss Roland. Are you quite sure that you saw him?

Lizzie. As sure as I see you now. I intended to hang up some towels to dry, when my eyes caught him just as he was leaping over the fence.

Tobin. Hush! He is up in the tree. Lizzie, run and turn on the water, we will give him a shower bath to begin with. [*Taking the hose and playing Mud junior with water.*] Your gardener hasn't watered this tree for quite awhile, it is full of insects, Mrs. Roland. I hate bugs, especially bed-bugs. They say that sulphuric acid does not agree with them. A quart of it would come very handy just now. I advise you to keep some on hand and make good use of it.

Enter JOHN.

Miss Roland. I shall take your advice, Mr. Tobin.

Tobin. Gardener, quick, get the pitch-fork, and pitch into that monkey as soon as he comes down.

John. I will, by Jove.

[*Mud junior jumps off the tree and disappears over the fence.*]

Tobin. There he runs. Quick, gardener, pitch into him. [Curtain down.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A furnished room with an easel in the center.*

Enter BRIDGET.

Bridget. That's a nice way for a young fellow to fool the time away with, painting the clouds and mountains, cows and bare-legged children. Fine country it must be where they can't be provided with shoes. Well, I declare! The carpet is full of paint spots again. This fellow is getting to be a perfect nuisance, and I do believe he never pays any rent, either. I wonder why misses keeps him. (*Enter Mrs. Collins and Tobin.*) Oh, Mrs. Collins, just look at all those paint spots on the carpet.

Mrs. Collins. You need not mind them, Bridget, the carpet is spoiled anyway. Have you the key to this door?

Bridget. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Collins. Let me have it (*opening the door.*) Old man, you can sleep in this room for awhile.

Tobin. Thank you, Mrs. Collins.

Mrs. Collins. Bridget, I have engaged this old man to do some cleaning around the house. He is in poor circumstances just now, and, as I have known him for a long time, I wish to give him a little assistance until he finds something better to do. He can go to work right here. Have you ever cleaned any windows before, old man?

Tobin. I am quite an expert in cleaning windows.

Mrs. Collins. Let him have a few towels and a sponge, Bridget.

Bridget. There is a sponge on the wash-stand, and towels he will find in the bureau. [*Aside.*] I wonder if she is going to establish a private poor-house or a hospital. [*Exit.*]

Tobin. Now, Mrs. Collins, you will greatly oblige me by keeping that servant of yours in perfect ignorance about my being the young fellow's uncle. I have no doubt she would spoil my game. Old friends, as we are, I can expect a little assistance in what I may call a—

Mrs. Collins. Whim.

Tobin. Whim or freak, anything you like, but let me assure you that I am determined to have nothing to do with the young fellow if I find him a vulgar good-for-

nothing scamp. Nothing will give me so good an opportunity to study his character as in the role of your servant. It will enable me to form a just estimate of his good and bad qualities, and I run no risk of being deceived by an assumed deportment.

Mrs. Collins. If I had no feelings of kindness toward a relative of mine I would not have sent for him.

Tobin. You misunderstand me, Mrs. Collins. If I find him worthy I will be a true friend to him.

Mrs. Collins. It is going on ten weeks since he landed in a strange country, where he had no acquaintance with a single soul. What is more natural than that he should expect his uncle, who sent for him, to bid him welcome when he put his foot ashore. He was greatly disappointed.

Tobin. Did he tell you so?

Mrs. Collins. No, but I could see that, when week after week passed without any tidings from you, he became restless, and if it had not been for a young man, who is rooming with me, and whose acquaintance he made, he would have quitted the house long ago.

Tobin. I will admit that I should have come a little sooner, but my business affairs detained me longer than I expected; besides, I was always of the opinion that one of the most useful lessons a young man should learn is to wait.

Mrs. Collins. I think I hear some one coming up stairs. Your must take off your coat now and go to work, Mr. Tobin, if you insist on playing the fool. [*Exit.*]

Tobin. Playing the fool. It is no use to argue with women on a subject like this. With them all is wrong if one does not rush up at once to hug and kiss, (*looking at the picture on the easel.*) Not badly done as far as I can judge. Most natural. The whole scene carries such an atmosphere of quiet and peace. The grown-up people coming out of church, with solemn mien and lingering steps; the little children, staring at them, open-mouthed, as they pass. I almost fancy I hear the church bell ringing in my ear.

Enter GEORGE HILLBERTH.

George. Helloa, old man, what are we doing here?

Tobin. Oh, I beg your pardon. The landlady has engaged me to clean those windows. I am a poor man and such as me must work at something to exist. I won't disturb you, I hope?

George. Not at all, old man. I expected to find here a friend of mine. How long have you been here?

Tobin. About ten minutes.

George. Did a young man leave while you were here?

Tobin. I have seen no young man.

George. I wonder what has become of Fred. I have not seen him for a week. He must be running after a new petticoat. I never saw such a fellow for falling in love. A perfect genius in that respect. He won't die a bachelor, that's certain. (*Enter FRED TOBIN.*) Speak of the Devil and he will appear. Where have you been this last week?

Fred. In heaven, in paradise. I am in love, George.

George. I thought you had drowned yourself.

Fred. So I have drowned my soul in the tenderest pair of eyes beneath heaven. The prettiest little creature you ever saw. A neat little foot, a pleasing shape, light brown hair.

George. What! another red-headed girl? I warrant her father is a brick-layer.

Fred. George, who is that old man?

George. A poor old fellow whom the landlady engaged to do chores around the house for little or nothing.

Fred. He has fallen asleep; the easiest way to earn little or nothing.

George. How and where did you meet this new flame?

Fred. In the simplest way possible. A week ago yesterday, while I was walking along a certain street, this sweet creature happened to come out of a store. Her nimble little feet first attracted my attention, and as I had nothing particular to do, I followed her for nearly an hour. Suddenly she stopped in front of a pleasant little cottage, surrounded on all sides by a well-kept garden. As both her hands were engaged in holding packages, I opened the gate for her. Our eyes met, and the sweet mischief was done.

George. And who is she?

Fred. A sign nailed on the door informed every passer by that Peter Fairweather followed the occupation of a—

George. Bricklayer.

Fred. Tailor, and is ready at any time to make a suit for twenty dollars and upwards. After I had seen her disappear, I went home with the intention of doing some work, but somehow or other something was wrong. Those soulful eyes had bewitched my mind so completely that I could not see nor think of anything else.

George. How long do you think the fever will last?

Fred. I am in for flesh and blood, and, by George, if

our first baby turns out to be a boy, his name shall be George.

George. Why, is it as desperate as that?

Fred. If this planet did not contain any women I would drown myself.

George. It would hardly be worth while to live.

Fred. Her father likes me well, and I have passed the larger part of the week in their house. In the current of love our souls have become so entangled that it will be impossible to separate them again. Next week the United Tailors hold a pic-nic at Elmwood Park, and on that occasion I intend to propose, but, George, I have to ask you for a favor.

George. Is there a thorn to the rose?

Fred. There is, and a mighty sharp and ugly one, too.

George. Stepmother?

Fred. No, a sour-faced, shrill-voiced, she-devil of an aunt.

George. Do you wish me to marry her?

Fred. Heaven forbid, but you would greatly oblige me if you could manage to draw her aunt, on our pic-nic day, out of the way to a place where she can do no harm. She has such a spiteful disposition that she cannot see my poor girl enjoying the most innocent pleasure. Her evil tongue is always ready to turn every sweetness into gall.

George. I fail to see how I could serve you.

Fred. Oh, that is simple enough. During the coming week send her three or four little notes, in which you confess that you are smitten with her charms.

George. But I never saw her.

Fred. Here we are, my boy. This is her picture. Praise her hair, or her nose, or her bustle; I don't care which, as long as you succeed in making an engagement with her to meet you somewhere. I will write her address on the back: Miss Mathilda Splinter, 2944 Milk Avenue.

George. Have you ever heard of such a thing as a suit for breach of promise?

Fred. Breach of promise be hanged. Sure you ain't fool enough to sign your own name. I could do the writing myself if she didn't know my handwriting by this time. Neither will it be necessary to go and meet her at the appointed place. Let her wait. She is used to waiting; she has been waiting this forty years. Will you do it?

George. Well, I suppose I must.

Fred. Come, let's go across the street and have a glass of wine.

George. How the old man snores.

Fred. Wake up, old chap.

Tobin. What is it?

Fred. Save your snores, they are worth ten cents a dozen.

Tobin. To whom?

Fred. To a man with the consumption; they will keep him awake.

Tobin. Could you recommend me a few costumers?

Fred. I have no consumptive friends.

Tobin. Perhaps an uncle,

Fred. So I have, but he is s tough customer.

Tobin. Tough, hey?

Fred. He is out of jail for stealing a mule, but by right and law he ought to be inside of it.

Tobin. [*Aside.*] What an impudent liar. [*Aloud.*] Of course, you saw him stealing the mule?

Fred. I did not.

Tobin. Then, how did it come to your knowledge that he did such a thing?

Fred. Six years ago, after my poor father had been buried, I opened his bureau, where he kept his letters. Among them I found a good many from his brother, who had emigrated to California. There was one in which my uncle describes an incident which he witnessed while traveling through the country. Coming one morning to a creek, where usually from twenty to thirty miners were engaged in washing gravel, he found them all gathered on one spot, and, in the midst of them, he observed a lean-looking fellow, with his hands tied behind his back, sitting on a mule. He soon learned that a murder had been committed the night before. This fellow had frequently quarreled with the murdered man about a claim, and was generally known as a dangerous man. When the miners had agreed to hang him, they set themselves in motion for a suitable place. My uncle followed. When the spot had been reached, they took him from the mule and made preparations to elevate him. While this business was going on, my uncle observed the mule, kicking up his heels and enjoying his freedom. The miners were too busy with their hanging to pay any attention to the mule, so my uncle quietly sneaked up to him and took him in charge, and left camp with considerable haste.

Tobin. Ha! ha! ha! I think you will agree with me that, when the mule had lost his master, your uncle had as much right to the animal as any other man?

Fred. As I am no lawyer, I will not argue the point, and the case would have looked different if it had been a horse; but a mule, that takes all the poetry out of the transaction.

Tobin. Ha! ha! ha! (*Exit.*)

Fred. George, that is my uncle.

George. Is it possible?

Fred. When I looked him squarely in the face, I thought my father was sitting in front of me.

George. I can't see the object of his playing the spy.

Fred. I can. At the time he sent for me, he was very sick. Now that he has recovered, he repents this haste and fears that I will manœuvre him out of his money. After letting me wait for over two months, he now introduces himself in this sneaking manner to see if he can not find some excuse to get rid of me. He is hunting for weak points, you may be sure.

George. You hit him pretty hard when you called him a mule thief.

Fred. I don't intend to flatter him; that would only make him more suspicious. Under this disguise he shall swallow a few pills that will convince him that I am not as anxious to see him as he thinks. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter MRS. COLLINS, looking about.*)

Mrs. Collins. They have gone down stairs

(*Enter TOBIN and Miss ROLAND.*)

Miss Roland. I happened to pass here, and knowing that you stop with Mrs. Collins whenever you are in town, I took the liberty to call.

Tobin. I am glad you have not passed by without seeing me.

Miss Roland. Is this room occupied by your nephew?

Tobin. It is. By the way, Mrs. Collins, who is that young man I saw here?

Mrs. Collins. He is one of my boarders, an architect, and a very pleasant and well behaved young man. He came down stairs one morning while I was dusting this room and seeing the easel, he inquired if I had an artist for a boarder. While we were talking, in came your nephew. I introduced them to each other, and since then the two have been fast friends.

Miss Roland. Why, this is a magnificent piece of work. Your nephew is a master in free hand drawing; every detail is worked out to such perfection.

Tobin. You are something of an artist yourself, Ger-tie?

Miss Roland. Looking at a piece of work like this, convinces me that I learned just enough to appreciate the work of a true artist.

Mrs. Collins. I hear them coming up stairs again.

Miss Roland. What progress have you made in studying your nephew's character?

Tobin. I have introduced myself as a poor old man who cleans windows for a living, and soon shall know if he is worth pushing. Will you do me the favor and retire to my room?

Miss Roland. I intend to see your nephew before I leave the house.

Tobin. Mrs. Collins will introduce you after awhile. Do not mention my name, or take any notice of me. He has not the slightest idea who I am.

Mrs. Collins. Come, Miss Roland, quick.

(*Exeunt Mrs. Collins and Miss Roland. Enter George and Fred.*)

Fred. After I am married I will go to work like a man. This business will never enable me to support a wife, so it will have to be thrown overboard.

George. Your uncle might do something for you.

Fred. George, in future, do me the favor and not mention my uncle again. He is either a humbug, and glad to be able to pay for his own board and lodging, or else a miserable miser, who would shake to the very marrow of his bones every time he parted with a dollar, and would wrap up small donations in long sermons about economy. Thank God, I have manhood enough left in me to scorn assistance that is given grudgingly.

George. Is it not singular that most of those old bachelors have a screw loose somewhere?

Fred. An old bachelor always reminds me of a leafless tree. There is such an atmosphere of desperation about its empty branches, as if they were waiting for some one tired of life, to come and hang himself; even the winds seem to shake them more violently. The birds shun them, and refuse to build their nests in a tree that has fallen out of harmony with nature.

George. I shall follow your example shortly, Fred, and be more on the lookout for a fair maid, willing to be captured.

(*Enter MUD, jun.*)

Mud, jun. Have you seen anything of a young lady, who went into this house about ten minutes ago?

Fred. We have not been favored by her, and can give you no information.

Mud, jun. I give you fair warning not to meddle with her. My name is Mud. Good morning. (*Exit.*)

George. You stupid ruffian; come back, and I will punch your head.

Fred. Mr. Mud, it seems, is running after a mud-hen. George, I've got a capital idea. When you write those love letters to that she devil, sign them Mud, will you?

George. If we only knew where the fellow lived.

Fred. The city directory will tell us, perhaps.

George. I wil see. However, before I forget the main object in coming to see you. I will ask you for those sketches. I saw Bowman on Monday last.

Fred. What did he say?

George. He didn't believe there was anybody in town who could do the work. He intends to write to France and Germany for a first-class scene painter.

Fred. Did you tell him that I worked for four years as scene painter at the Royal Theater in Dublin?

George. I did; but he seemed not to be very much impressed. He is one of those who think that what does not come from either London, Paris, or Berlin, is of no consequence. He is willing to pay four thousand dollars for a new drop curtain. So he told me.

Fred. That would be a splendid opening for me.

George. Let me have those sketches and I will see what I can do for you.

Fred. (*Opening a trunk.*) Here they are.

George. The Gypsy Camp; this is a splendid one, the far-off mountains; that lazy, good-for-nothing, lying in the grass, the children playing with the dogs; that young girl dreaming over the fire; how delightful. A painter who claims to be an artist ought, in my opinion, be somewhat of a poet. To be able to paint apples and carrots, does not make him one. He is a mere imitator. What have you got here?

Fred. A tombstone.

George. A tombstone?

Fred. Don't laugh at me, George. When my uncle wrote me that most likely by the time I arrived here, he would have crossed the river Styx, I naturally became interested in tombstones. The day before I left Dublin I paid a parting visit to an old friend of mine who keeps a marble yard. While I was talking to him, in rushed a young woman and told the stonecutter that she would

not be able to pay for the tombstone she had ordered, as her cousin had entirely forgotten her in his will, and had divided his property between the church and the orphan asylum. The stonecutter refused to return her the money she had given as a deposit, so I put my hand in my pocket, paid her, and the stone was mine.

George. Let's look at the thing. Why, there is your uncle's name on it.

Fred. The stonecutter had not progressed so far to spoil it for my purpose. So I told him to hammer out my generous uncle's name.

George. (*Reading.*) Here sleeps in peace James Patrick Tobin, born in Dublin, died in San Francisco, aged 63 years; with the angels is his soul.

Fred. Do you think the pawnbroker would loan money on that thing? If one uncle does not deserve it, I am willing to let another uncle have it at cost price.

(*Enter MRS. COLLINS and MISS ROLAND.*) What's this? Hide the thing, George.

Mrs. Collins. Mr. Tobin, a lady friend of mine would very much like to see your picture. I hope we don't intrude.

Miss Roland. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, if in seeking to gratify my curiosity, I should cause annoyance.

Fred. [*Aside.*] Hide that damned thing, George.

George. [*Aside.*] I have thrown my overcoat over it.

Fred. We feel highly honored.

(*Miss Roland advances, Fred steps back and falls over the tombstone.*) [Curtain down.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Tailor Shop.* Enter FRED, climbing through a window.

Fred. (*Pulling out his watch.*) Half-past four. To-night I will have a bride; and if all goes well, within a week, a wife. It is true, my prospects are not over-bright, and ugly care, that gloomy looking witch, what frightful words she is hissing in my ear—want, sickness, misery. This is her chair; her little foot brings life into this machine, whose rattling noise mingles with her dreams. A man should look before he leaps—so does the proverb say; but he who looked never was in love. There is some one stirring up stairs; who can it be? Perhaps my love. Here she has grown up, not like a petted flower exposed for show in a rich man's garden; but like a humble thing which one does sometimes find

blooming in solitude where only the hare and quail have undisputed sway. (*Enter FAIRWEATHER.*) Good morning, Mr. Fairweather.

Fairweather. Good morning, my boy.

Fred. What a glorious morning. I couldn't sleep, so—

Fairweather. So you could do nothing better than walk three miles and jump through my window?

Fred. Did you hear me?

Fairweather. No; but Annie did. She came on tip-toe on my bed, and said, papa, a burglar has got into the house, through the window, and then she laughed and kissed me.

Fred. Did she know it was I?

Fairweather. Why, she is up every morning at sunrise, for she knows that by that time a young fool is standing on the opposite side of the street, staring at her window.

Fred. Strange that I am so restless everywhere else except in this neighborhood (after a pause). What do you think of me, Mr. Fairweather, as a son-in-law?

Fairweather. You know that I am not displeased with you, my boy; otherwise I would have forbidden you to come here long ago.

Fred. To-day I intend to ask Annie to be my wife; but if you do not approve of it now, I will wait until I have won your esteem and confidence. I am a stranger in this land, and fourteen days ago you were not aware that such a person as Fred Tobin was in existence. It is but reasonable that you should wish to know me thoroughly before you trust me with your only daughter.

Fairweather. My boy, am fifty-five years of age, and I assure you that I have not been running around this world all this time without discovering that when I see and speak with a man, I know whether I have a man, a fool or a knave in front of me. To fall in love is nature's law, and your frank and open nature has secured you my esteem long ago.

Fred. There is one thing more I wish to tell you. I have often, to you and Annie, spoken of my wealthy uncle. I have made up my mind to throw him overboard, of course, figuratively speaking.

Fairweather. Have you seen him?

Fred. I have. He has introduced himself into the house where I stop, as an old servant, doing odd jobs around the house and occupies the room next to mine. The likeness between him and my father is so great that

I knew him at once, as soon as I had a good look at him. After letting me wait for over two months without sending me a few words or a message, he now comes, in this underhanded manner, to study me.

Fairweather. He is an old bachelor, and like most of them a little excentric, I suppose.

Fred. Excentric, you may call it; I think it's avarice. He fears I may prove too expensive for his taste. He is seeking now for some excuse to shake me off.

Fairweather. I would advise you to be quiet, have patience, and let him play his game. He may have some reasons for acting thus.

Fred. I shall take no notice of him.

Fairweather. He may not prove so selfish as you think him to be.

Fred. At any rate, I will stand on my own legs. I am young and strong, and I am eager for a fray with the cold world.

Fairweather. That is spoken like a man. A rich man's favors are uncertain, and like the wind; and know, my boy, that I am not so poor as you may think. This house is mine and I am not unknown in the bank; so there is no need to paint the horizon with ink. (*Enter ANNIE.*)

Annie. O, papa, good morning, sir.

Fred. Now, Annie, this is not fair; come, shake hands, and say good morning.

Annie. Good morning, Fred, you dear old pet.

Fred. Anything more?

Annie. I won't tell you now. Papa, aunt is stirring about.

Fairweather. Has she seen you?

Annie. O, no; but I heard her opening the window.

Fairweather. I think you two had better go now, and I will follow as soon as I can. But you have had no breakfast.

Fred. It shall give me immense pleasure if you allow me to take Annie to a neat little restaurant where I am well acquainted, and where I expect to meet a friend. The only trouble is, I see no car running at such an early hour.

Annie. I would sooner walk than ride.

Fairweather. She is used to walking. There is not a man in a dozen who will outwalk her. I shall be at the ferry at nine, if not sooner.

Fred. You will find us waiting.

Annie. Good bye, dear old papa.

Fairweather. Good bye, my child.

Annie. Don't forget the lunch basket, papa; it's behind the kitchen door. (*Exeunt FRED and ANNIE.*)

Fairweather. I wish the young fellow had learned my trade. A tailor is always sure of his bread and butter. Well, who knows what is best? If he cannot sell his pictures I might open a little store and put him there as salesman. (*Enter TOBIN.*)

Tobin. Good morning.

Fairweather. Good morning, sir. Anything I can do for you?

Tobin. Do you know a young man by the name of Fred Tobin?

Fairweather. I do. Please take a seat.

Tobin. Thank you. He visits you sometimes, I presume?

Fairweather. Yes, frequently.

Tobin. Is there any probability of meeting him here this morning? [*Aside.*] I know there is not, for I saw him going out.

Fairweather. Less than five minutes ago he left in company with my daughter.

Tobin. With your daughter? the rogue.

Fairweather. Rogue? What do you mean?

Tobin. Don't be alarmed; your daughter is perfectly safe. You seem to be very intimate with him. Did he ever speak to you about his uncle?

Fairweather. He has, indeed. Only this morning he told me that he intended to throw him overboard.

Tobin. What, throw me overboard, the villain?

Fairweather. Of course, he meant in—in a—in a——

Tobin. Metaphorical sense, I suppose. Has he told you why? I am his uncle.

Fairweather. You, sir?

Tobin. I hope you have no objection to my being that rogue's uncle. Throw me overboard, and does not know either whether I can swim or not. What reason did he give?

Fairweather. The reason he gave may not be pleasant to your ear, and may offend you.

Tobin. Perhaps I deserve to be offended.

Fairweather. He imagines that you repent for having sent for him.

Tobin. That is not true, indeed.

Fairweather. It is two months since he landed, and, of course, is disappointed in not meeting you. Neither did

you write and let him know where you could be found.

Tobin. My reason for acting thus was to cool his expectations down a little.

Fairweather. You have succeeded in that respect, I can assure you.

Tobin. If I had rushed up to him the moment he landed, embraced him, fed him and made things snug all round, that would have suited him much better, but by doing so, I would have spoiled the opportunity to find out if he is worthy of any assistance. You know very well, Mr. Fairweather, that to some men assistance is a deadly poison; it kills their ambition and their energy, and like an overloaded vessel, they sink and sink into slothful laziness. By making him wait, the hope of an idle life (if he ever entertained it) has by this time most likely evaporated, and made him understand that his own exertions must carry him along.

Fairweather. I see your object now and I approve it.

Tobin. By telling you that he was going to throw me overboard, indicates that the time has arrived when I may venture to knock a few stones out of his way, especially as he intends to marry your daughter.

Fairweather. Who has informed you of this?

Tobin. Ha! ha! ha! I have been playing a trick on him; disguised myself as an old servant in the house of his landlady. Of course, she is in the plot. A few days ago he and another young man—whom by the way I very much esteem—were talking over their affairs while I pretended to clean the windows. I heard every word they said, and so learned that my nephew fell in love with your pretty daughter.

Fairweather. I hope the news did not displease you, sir.

Tobin. To be candid, Mr. Fairweather, it did. A lady friend of mine—her husband formerly was my partner—has a daughter, as good and as virtuous as any girl that ever lived, and my fondest hope was to see my nephew fall in love with her. However, as it has happened otherwise, be assured that I shall be just as friendly to your daughter as if she never had been the cause of destroying my little matrimonial scheme.

Fairweather. We tailors hold a picnic to-day at Elmwood Park. It would give me much pleasure to see you present.

Tobin. Can my nephew's friend be not there?

Fairweather. I think so.

Tobin. I shall be there.

Fairweather. Your nephew intends on this occasion to propose to my girl.

Tobin. Here is a letter and a key. Please hand them over to my nephew as soon you hear from your daughter that she is engaged; but understand, should, for some cause, this engagement not take place, the letter and the key must be returned to me.

Fairweather. You may rely I shall do exactly as you wish.

Tobin. At Elmwood Park, you say?

Fairweather. Yes, sir.

Tobin. Good morning.

Fairweather. Good day, sir. (*Exit TOBIN.*) Hot headed youth will quickly lose its temper, and rashly grasp at hastily formed conclusions.

(*Re-enter TOBIN.*)

Tobin. You may tell them that I will send them the deed of the property fourteen days after their first baby is born.

Fairweather. I will, sir. (*Exit TOBIN.*) I was pretty certain that he had a reason for delaying to make himself known. A man who has been so successful in business is not very likely to undertake such a step without mature deliberation. (*Re-enter TOBIN.*)

Tobin. There is one thing more I wish to mention. Please tell my nephew to take good care of my tombstone when my soul is with the angels. (*Exit TOBIN.*)

Fairweather. Tombstones! angels! What is he talking about? (*Enter MISS SPLINTER.*)

Miss Splinter. What is the meaning of this? I found it hidden behind the kitchen door.

Fairweather. Put the basket where you found it. I want it to be there.

Miss Splinter. Where is Annie?

Fairweather. I gave her permission to take a walk.

Miss Splinter. Have you lost your senses, to allow her to walk the streets at five o'clock in the morning? You are unfit to bring up my sister's child.

Fairweather. Now, listen. Annie is soon going to be married, and I have come to the conclusion that it is about time now to get rid of you. If I have submitted to your insults and insinuations, that is no reason why my son-in-law should.

Miss Splinter. Son-in-law! Ha! ha! ha! A penniless loafer, who is too lazy to earn his own board. Pray, how is he going to support his wife?

Fairweather. That does not concern you.

Miss Splinter. Does not concern me?

Fairweather. No; you are nothing but a servant in my house. I have always paid you your monthly wages, and owe you nothing. I will not submit to your interference in my affairs any longer, and I want you to pack up your things and walk.

Miss Splinter. I am here in my poor sister's place, and I dare you to put me out.

Fairweather. I will see if the law does not protect me against a shrew like you.

Miss Splinter. I know before hand that my poor sister would not live long, when she married such a lousy tailor.

Fairweather. That is even more than you could catch.

Miss Splinter. You lie. I could get married to-morrow if I wanted to. Here are the letters to prove it; and you know that I refused several offers for the love of my dear sister.

Fairweather. Poor, dear sister. You two had a hair-pulling match most every day in the week.

Miss Splinter. I say you lie.

Fairweather. The sight of you was poison to her (Miss Splinter takes the lunch basket and tries to strike Fairweather with it; the bottom drops out, and the contents fly all over the stage.) [Curtain down.]

SCENE II.—[A poorly furnished room, and one adjoining the latter is not visible on the stage.]

(Enter MUD sen. and MUD jun.)

Mud, sen. I tell you I am tired of this, and won't stand it any longer. You can go to work and earn your own living.

Mud, jun. Now, old man, don't get excited.

Mud, sen. Damn your soul, haven't I supported you long enough? you lazy, good-for-nothing dude.

Mud, jun. What's the matter with your bowels; have you got the colic?

Mud, sen. Not a cent you will ever get from me, again.

Mud, jun. You have said that before.

Mud, sen. Six months ago, when you came back from the country, dead broke, I had you fitted up and dressed up like a prince. Then I hunted up a pretty young lady with a big fortune for you, and you big ignoramus, have in all that time no more succeeded in winning her heart than that table.

Mud, jun. Haven't I been running after her, day and night, bowed and scraped to that stuck-up thing?

Mud, sen. When I was a young fellow like you, why, there wasn't a two-legged woman in the whole neighborhood who would not have danced when I snapped my fingers. Push her to the wall. Women admire a bold man. They are like lemons, and want to be squeezed.

Mud, jun. Last week I nearly got squeezed—with a pitchfork.

Mud, sen. You made an ass of yourself by going up in that tree. If I had been in such a situation, I would have faced them with a smile, made a neat little speech, or what is still better, a rhyme, and carried the day.

Mud, jun. Whistle when you see the geese fly. That's the time the goose hangs high.

Mud, sen. You ought to have seen me courting the girls.

Mud, jun. I am glad that I didn't.

Mud, sen. Why, at one time I had as many as seven sweethearts; the cream of the village, too.

Mud, jun. Cheese it, old boy; cheese it.

Mud, sen. There was Molly Pickly; her father was a plumber.

Mud, jun. He didn't care to increase his stock of old gas pipes.

Mud, sen. Then, there was Susan Flotz; her father had a pickle factory and made sourkraut.

Mud, jun. Why, old blossom, there was a chance to bloom.

Mud, sen. I didn't mind the pickles, but sourkraut was too much for me.

Mud, jun. (Singing:)

Mary had a little flea,
That flea he was a sucker;
He didn't care for elixir,
He stuck to Mary Tucker.

(Enter BOB BUN.)

Bun. Jim, that girl of yours went to a picnic this morning. I followed her down to the ferry, and do you know the latest news? Jack got licked.

Mud, sen. Hurrah! for John.

Bun. It's on every bulletin board in the city.

Mud, sen. Three cheers for John, I say.

Mud, jun. Now, old man, didn't I tell you to put your money on John?

Bun. He is a great man. He drew over ten thousand people from all parts of the country to see the fight. I'll

bet he made a fortune. Why, Jim, if I had such a frame as you, I would try the business myself. This fight will make John the most popular man in the country. There is not a boy breathing who doesn't admire him.

Mud, sen. Here, Bob, go and get us a bottle of something good; you can keep the change.

Bun. I will be back in a minute. (*Exit.*)

Mud, jun. Old man, do you think Bob has got any sense?

Mud, sen. My boy, I am astonished that I didn't catch that idea long ago.

Mud, jun. I know I am a tolerable good boxer, and but few boys will dare to stand in front of me.

Mud, sen. You have my blessing, my boy. I knew there was something hidden in you; let it come out by all means. Hit as hard as you can, and bring the proud name of Mud to everlasting glory.

Mud, jun. Of course, I must have a trainer. (*Re-enter BUN.*)

Mud, sen. Bob is the very man you want. He trained McBluff and O'Trim.

Bun. What's up now?

Mud, jun. Order me some cards, Bob: Jim Mud, pugilist.

Bun. Jim, it has taken you a long time to come to your senses.

Mud jun. Do you really think I have brains enough to become an artist in the profession?

Bun. What has got into you now? It don't require any brains; all you want is a big fist, a thick skull, and be a little quick.

Mud, sen. My boy, thank me. I have furnished you with all. Get the gloves, Bob, while I open the bottle. I want to see what my boy can do. (*Bun goes into the next room, and returns with two pair of fighting gloves. They spar, and Mud, jun. is chasing Bun all over the room.*)

Mud, sen. Hit him, my boy; knock him out. Well done. (*All three disappear into the next room.*)

Enter MISS SPLINTER.

Miss Splinter (reading a piece of paper). That's all the mud I can find in the city directory. William Mud, fruit peddler and game seller. Jim Mud, same address. Don't say what occupation. I wonder which of the two is in love with me? Well, I think I am game enough for any peddler. (*Mud, senior, Mud, junior, and Bun*

re-appear from the next room, still sparring. Bun dodges aside, and Mud, junior, stops in front of Miss Splinter. They stare at each other.)

Miss Splinter. Some one in this house is in love with me, and wrote me love letters. Who is it?

Mud, jun. It isn't me, I am sure.

Bun. I plead not guilty to the charge.

Mud, sen. Boys, run for your life. She is one of my old sweethearts, and means business. (All disappear except Miss Splinter.) [Curtain down.]

ACT IV.

SCENE.—A bench, surrounded by trees in a park.

Enter MUD, JUN., and BUN.

Mud, jun. I tell you, I won't stand this. I'll fight. If it hadn't been for the girl I would have knocked him down on the spot.

Bun. He has too many friends here, and we two are alone.

Mud, jun. Do you think I will fight him in the dancing hall, with the music playing to attract his friends? Write him a note, and invite him to come behind the barn. No one will interrupt us there. My blood is up, and I will fight.

Bun. (pulling out a book). What shall I write? Dear Sir—

Mud, jun. Dear sir be damned!

Bun. I damned dear sir by scratching him.

Mud, jun. I hope he will come up to the scratch.

Bun. How will this do? Sir: As you have had the impudence to establish yourself as a protector over a lady whom I have courted for the last six months, with the view of making her my wife, I send you this note as an invitation to come behind the barn for a few minutes to settle our dispute.

JIM MUD.

P. S.—If you have courage enough in your composition to oblige me, you can find the barn in the northeast corner of this park.

Mud, jun. She wouldn't look at me, and at that monkey she is smiling all the time. See!

Bun. Do you approve of what I wrote?

Mud, jun. You said nothing about fighting.

Bun. But I insinuated as much.

Mud, jun. Eat your insinuations, and die. Write what I tell you.

Bun. Go ahead, my lad.

Mud, jun. I will fight any pig-headed loafer who dares to meddle with a woman I have an eye on. Come behind the barn, in the northeast corner of this park, and I will do you up in about ten seconds.

JIM MUD, Pugilist.

Bun. All down.

Mud, jun. Did you put down pugilist?

Bun. I did.

Mud, jun. Then go and hand it to him.

Bun. Shall I find you behind the barn?

Mud, jun. Why, of course. (*Exeunt in different directions.*)

(*Enter FRED and ANNIE.*)

Fred. Look, sweet Annie, what a charming retreat; let us sit down here. Has the dance fatigued you?

Annie. Not in the least. I believe I could dance all day, and not feel a bit tired.

Fred. I hope nobody will disturb us here for the next five hours. I will tell you something of great importance.

Annie. Will it take five hours to tell it?

Fred. No, dearest Annie, only five minutes.

Annie. Is it something dreadful?

Fred. O, awful!

Annie. Make a short story long, and I will forgive you.

Fred. Well, then: One fine morning, about fourteen days ago, while I was walking leisurely along a certain street, I happened to notice two little feet coming out of a store. When I raised my eyes to see to whom they belonged, I beheld the prettiest little woman I had ever seen. Her arms were loaded down with packages, and my first impulse was to relieve her of her burden. However, as I was a perfect stranger to her, I feared the offering of assistance might offend her, and all I could do was to follow and admire the graceful way with which she moved along. Her light brown hair flourished in such profusion that her hat seemed unable to hold it all down over her shoulders, I could just see, peeping out, the pinkiest little ear imaginable. After nearly an hour's walk, she suddenly stopped in front of a gate, which had to be opened before any one could get admittance to a neat looking cottage. When I saw that she intended to relieve one arm by heaping the packages it held upon the other, I stepped quickly forward and opened the gate for her. She paid me for my trouble with a look and

smile which I shall not forget as long as I live. When I arrived home again I tried to do some work on my picture, but somehow I could see nothing but those large brown eyes, the sweet smile and the blushing face of a young girl. As progress on my picture was an impossibility, with this lovely apparition floating in my mind, I put my hat and coat on again, and followed the same street which I had walked in the morning. The cottage was soon reached, and I noticed what I had not noticed before, that it held a sign with this name painted on it: "John Fairweather, Tailor." I walked up and down the street for quite awhile, in the hope of seeing that blushing face once more, when I saw a nice old gentleman coming out of the cottage, and began to dig about the garden. I boldly stepped up to him, and introduced myself, and told him exactly what had happened in the morning. He listened patiently until I had finished, and then said kindly that his daughter had told him about some one who had followed her all the way from the store to the shop, and had opened the gate for her. He thanked me for doing this little kindness to his child, and invited me whenever I happened to pass to drop in and see him. I have made frequent use of this privilege, and the feeling I have for the old man's daughter has grown and grown until I am madly in love with her. (After a little pause.) Could you love me a little, Annie?

Annie. I have been stricken with the same complaint, and would not be cured for all the world, but would sooner die.

Fred. My aim shall be to make your life as bright and cloudless as this very day.

Annie. Your love shall be my sun.

Fred. I have bought a ring, if it only could be found.

Annie. You have not lost it?

Fred. See if you can find it in one of my vest pockets.

Annie. Eureka!

Fred. [Clasps her in his arms and kisses her.] My sweet little wife.

Annie. O! we will be so happy, won't we Fred?

Fred. As happy as a pair of fools can possibly be. Now let us see if we can't find papa.

Annie. He will be so pleased; I know he will.

Fred. Then let us hurry, and not let him wait.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter* GEORGE, HILBRETH, TOBIN and MISS ROLAND.]

George. You need not be alarmed on my account. I do not fear him.

Miss Roland. But if you had seen with what a hateful expression he looked at you while he passed us just now. you should be careful.

George. How grateful I would be if he would only give me an opportunity to clear you of this low ruffian. Mr. Tobin has told me how he has annoyed you beyond endurance.

Tobin. There is only one remedy, Gertie; you must get married, and have some one to protect you.

Miss Roland. My mother has often spoken in the same strain, but, as yet, no man worthy of that name has ever approached me who seemed to have that end in view.

Tobin. You and your mother live like two hermits. You should mix more with young people, and go in society.

Miss Roland. My mother has a very poor opinion of societies. She thinks they are too often assemblages of people who seem to gather for no other purpose but to make cutting remarks about each other; of course, behind your back. Does this coincide with your observations, Mr. Hillberth?

George. Society has taken very little notice of me so far, Miss Roland.

Miss Roland. How is it that I am not introduced to your Nephew, Mr. Tobin?

Tobin. Have you seen anything of Fred, Mr. Hillberth?

George. Not long ago I saw him sitting here on this bench, but he seemed so busy in making love that I did not wish to disturb him.

Tobin. There is a specimen of a red hot lover for you, Gertie. Fourteen days ago my precious nephew met a red headed girl on the street, he followed her right up where she lived, told her father that he loved her, and to-day is going to propose.

Miss Roland. That must be Dublin style.

Tobin. Just like his father, who, when hardly twenty-four years old, married a school master's daughter. Love affairs are very well, but only too often they turn out misery affairs. Poverty is a rock that even the strongest love fails to dissolve. And his father was so damned proud that he would not accept assistance when I could well afford it. Well, well, man is a queer composition anyway.

[*Enter FAIRWEATHER.*]

Have you seen anything of my nephew, Mr. Fairweather?

Fairweather. I am just busy hunting for them.

Tobin. Miss Roland, Mr. Fairweather, my nephew's future father-in-law. Mr. Fairweather, Miss Roland and Mr. —

George. Mr. Fairweather and I are not strangers.

[*Enter BUN, handing a note to George.*]

Bun. Here is a note for you, sir.

George. Very well.

Bun. Will you come?

George. Certainly, my man. I hope you will excuse me for a few minutes.

George [*to BUN.*] Go and lead the way.

[*Exit GEORGE and BUN.*]

Miss Roland. Is not that the fellow we saw with that ruffian? What does it mean?

Tobin. It means that the scamp, whom he worsted in a wordy combat, is now seeking satisfaction in a fight.

Miss Roland. That must not happen.

Tobin. He is gone now.

Miss Roland. O! Mr. Tobin, follow and stop them.

Tobin. I will follow and see fairplay. Mr. Fairweather, will you kindly look after the lady until I return?

[*Exit.*]

Miss Roland. Do you know, sir, if there is a policeman in the park?

Fairweather. I do not think so.

Miss Roland. They must not fight on my account.

Fairweather. You need not be alarmed about that young man. It will take a pretty powerful fellow to do him any harm. I am a tailor, Miss, and know the animal called man.

[*Enter FRED and ANNIE.*]

Annie. Papa, we have been looking for you all over the park.

Fairweather. Fred, your friend has got into a little difficulty with a fellow who insulted this lady. I believe they are going to fight. See that all is fair.

Fred. Where did they go to?

Fairweather. Do you see your uncle in the distance?

Fred. I do.

Fairweather. Follow him, and you can't miss them.

[*Exit FRED.*]

Annie. There won't be any shooting, papa, will there?

Fairweather. I hope not, child. Miss Roland, my daughter Annie.

Miss Roland. I am sorry of being the cause of separating you from your future husband, Miss Annie.

Annie. And I am glad if my Fred has a chance of doing a good turn to his friend. He well deserves it. Look, papa, what a beautiful ring. We are engaged.

Fairweather. What! engaged, and without my consent?

Annie. O, you dear, old papa, I knew you would be pleased.

Fairweather. Talk about fathers ruling their daughters; that is all stuff and nonsense. She has ruled me ever since she was that high.

Annie. You see, Miss Roland, what a good, dear, old papa I have made out of him. If it hadn't been for me he would have turned into an old, grunting, grumbling growler. Kiss me, papa.

Fairweather. Before I forget it, child, Fred's uncle has given me this letter and this key to hand over to him.

Annie. What's the key for?

Fairweather. The letter will explain it, I suppose.

Miss Roland. What is the meaning of that procession, Mr. Fairweather?

Annie. They are coming this way.

Fairweather. They carry some body on a plank.

Annie. It is not Fred; I see him with his uncle.

Miss Roland. Neither is it Mr. Hillberth. I see him walking in the rear with Mr. Tobin. How funny they all look.

Annie. Who can it be?

Fairweather. The boys will tell us. (*Enter some boys; then four men, carrying MUD, jun., on a barn door; then FRED, TOBIN and GEORGE, arm in arm; BUN with a towel around his head, makes up the rear.*)

1st Boy. Make room, there, ladies; here is a damaged prize fighter with a broken leg.

2nd Boy. And a broken nose.

Fairweather. Has he been fooling with a steam hammer?

3rd Boy. He can't fight worth a cent.

1st Boy. I could knock him out myself.

2nd Boy. He ain't no good. I know his father.

3rd Boy. What is his name?

All. His name is Mud. (*End.*)



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